

## WOMEN SAVE BAD ITALIAN

Vicious Italian Slashes Throat of Conductor and is Mobbed By Passengers.

## THROWN DOWN UPON TRACK

Kindhearted Women Stop Train In Time to Prevent Terrible Tragedy—Scamp Husted Off to Jail.

New York, Feb. 27.—Quick action by a crowd of women passengers probably saved an Italian from death at the hands of a mob in Paterson, N. J. The Italian had slashed an Erie conductor with a razor in a dispute over a pass. He was seized by enraged passengers, thrown upon the rails before an approaching train, where the crowd proposed to hold him. In the darkness it is likely he would have been cut to pieces. Several women ran up the track and signalled the train to stop. Police arrived at that moment and hustled the Italian to jail. The conductor's throat was badly torn by the razor and he will probably die.

## CLUBHOUSE FOR WOMEN.

Definite Action Taken By Ladies of Athletic Tendency.

New York, Feb. 27.—After discussion extending over a period of many months the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs has taken definite action toward the establishment of a club house for women. It is to have all the accoutrements of a men's club and will cost \$500,000.

At a recent meeting of the federation a committee was chosen to seek suitable quarters. This committee reported in favor of the old Knicker-

bocker Athletic Club in Madison avenue. The tenacity of such an undertaking stunned the ladies for a few moments, but their president gave assurance that a man stood ready to loan them enough for the first payment and a committee was chosen with power to act.

## NOTED CHARACTER DEAD.

"Biff" Served in War, Also Served in Penitentiary.

New York, Feb. 27.—Frank Ellison, known as "Biff," a familiar character in this city, is dead of pneumonia. He is said to have been the youngest officer in the union army, having run away from his home in Philadelphia and received a lieutenant's commission at the age of 15.

Ellison was once a member of the stock exchange and belonged to the leading clubs. In 1893 he assaulted another broker and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Efforts were made by influential friends to procure his pardon, but it was granted only a few months before the expiration of the sentence.

## Convention at Denver.

Denver, Feb. 27.—Word has been received here from Mrs. Clinton B. Flak, national president of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church, that the 24th national convention will be held in Denver in September of this year. This society has enrolled more than 100,000 women in the United States, besides large branch organizations in the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico.

## INCAS TREASURE FOUND.

New York, Feb. 27.—Advises from La Paz, Bolivia, announces that the traditional treasure of the Incas has been discovered at Callacatta, cables the Herald's Lima, Peru, correspondent. It amounts to \$18,000,000.

The discoverers are of various nationalities and are now quarrelling over the treasure although a legal contract exists between them as to the division. The authorities have interfered in the matter.

## TROUBLES OF LEONA BONNE

Trapeze Artist of Chicago Brings Suit Against Oaklander Who Owns the Isle of Man.

## AFFECTIONS ARE HIGH PRICED

Because William Lucien Drinkwater Carey Takes Into Himself a Wife He Must Face Damage Suit.

(San Francisco Call)

Oakland, Feb. 27.—William Lucien Drinkwater Carey of Beach House, Castleton, Isle of Man, which lies near the coast of England, has traveled several times around the world, lived in every clime to be found on the globe and has established temporary abode in half of the lands upon this earth, only to be served with a \$100,000 breach of promise suit in the quiet and peaceful city of Oakland. The suit was filed in the superior court of this county late this afternoon, it being brought in the name of Leona Bonne, who does a "flying trapeze" act in Chicago theaters that need that particular kind of attraction.

It is true that \$100,000 is a rather fancy figure to place upon broken promises and injured affections, but Leona Bonne insists that damages should be awarded in proportion to the amount possessed by the defendant, and so she specifies in her complaint that William Lucien Drinkwater Carey is possessed of large estates and is worth at least \$250,000, with further prospects, including a part if not the whole of the Isle of Man.

In this high-priced document Leona Bonne further declares that Mr. Carey is the son of Colonel Henry Carey of honor and distinction through the Crimean war, and that the colonel's estate is large and valuable.

The alleged broken promise of marriage was given in 1901 in the windy city of Chicago where the trapeze artist still resides and after a tearful, broken-hearted, but mature and mathematical consideration she has come to the conclusion that a \$100,000 slice of that Isle of Man estate would be about the proper balm for all the agony she has suffered from the fact that Mr. Carey now has another wife, who is living peacefully with him in his Oakland home.

Miss Leona Bonne neglects to mention in her complaint that she once before sued Mr. Carey for breach of promise, at that time putting the sum of her damage at \$50,000, and Mr. Carey says that he wonders if the price of her affections will increase with the years at that ratio and upset the theory that time heals all wounds.

Miss Leona Bonne is still in Chicago doing her trapeze act in order to keep warm amid the blizzards of the Windy City, so that she is not able to tell her own story, but between the complaint in the case of her attorney, F. J. Russell of this city, a little of her elevated romance can be secured.

According to her complaint, Miss Bonne met Mr. Carey in Chicago in 1900. She was performing before countless thousands at a Chicago theater, and out of those thousands came William Lucien Drinkwater Carey to tell her of a love that burned fiercer and more deeply than the usual Chicago, practical, workaday love. They were much together, she says, during which times he told her of the island that he owned or was going to own and wanted her to share the sea-kissed land with him and take all of his love. She thought the combination a good one and accepted, and then, she claims, Carey went to the island to prepare it for her coming. Somehow the love got tangled on the way, for Carey married, and drifting back to Oakland, settled down.

It is true that the Carey story only agrees with this torrid Chicago statement in the mere dates. Carey announces that he met Miss Bonne in Chicago when she was "broke"; that he helped her out of her trouble out of mere sympathy, and then left her to continue his journey to his old home, where he was married.

Miss Bonne would support her statements by copies of a number of letters sent to her attorney which she claims were written by Carey to her. One was written on board ship and apparently was mailed at Queenstown. It begins with "My Dear Leona," and tells of the writer's sickness and how lonely he had been at leaving her. He and a friend had been singing "Bring Back My 'Bonne' to Me"—a touching play upon her name. The letter was written in February and the writer said that he would see her again in July.

## SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS FOR USE THROUGH THE WEEK

### FOR TODAY.

The morning glory hangs her blossom out  
Fresh every dawn;  
Yesterday's blooms lived out their little hour,  
And they were gone.  
So live today, with patient, steadfast will—  
And loyal heart;  
Then shall tomorrow find thee, truer still  
To bear thy part.  
And if tomorrow ever come to thee,  
Rest thou content,  
If but today has borne its very best  
Before it went.—Pacific Advocate.

### THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

The man who accomplishes things in this world necessarily makes enemies, for all mediocrity rises against him. His achievements are minimized and his failures magnified—but his plans are stolen and his methods adopted without credit.

Were it not possible to do this, vituperation, ridicule and malice are employed to detract attention from the plain evidence of lack of ability on the part of those who mouth their spleen.

Criticism is easier than accomplishment, but a sneer is a poor substitute for deeds done.

The primitive man who first demonstrated the feasibility of making skin clothing for himself probably had to encounter the derision of his denser minded tribe, just as his later brethren had to undergo a like experience when they began to make civilization possible.

Honest emulation is open flattery, but carping criticism is the hand-maiden of dishonesty. Still, the successful man mounts to higher planes over the shoulder of his critics. He saves the breath for renewed effort, while they waste theirs in empty vapors. He acts while they hesitate; he works while they wait.

That is why there is always one man in a community who is conspicuous by contrast, and why also, there is always one interest, one corporation, or one association which overtops all others.

The best banker in a town did not inherit his business genius. He worked. If he had stopped to listen to his critics he would have fallen far short of the mark. He would not have escaped criticism even then, for failure is a fertile field for malicious comment.

All of which goes to prove that it does not make much difference what we do in this world, as long as it is honest. We cannot escape the critic, but we at least confuse him by making him appear in the light of a false prophet, and we can also reap whatever material reward hard work brings—which is more than a chronic kicker can look forward to.—Salesman.

### AT THIS MOMENT.

"Consequences are unputying."  
This is, perhaps, the profoundest of the many profound utterances of George Eliot. It can not be repeated too often. It can not be thought on too much.

It should give every man pause who has some

other stake in life besides his own personal success—say, some such state as children whom he wishes to be honored and honorable. But, above all, it should give the man in high and responsible public office pause when the temptation comes to do for his country that which which he would shrink in shame from doing for his own private gain. Two wrongs do not make a right; evil may not be done that good may come; figs do not grow upon thistles—these are trite old proverbs, but they sum ten thousand and years of painful human experience. And the greater the nation the greater the sin—and the swifter and severer the punishment. Nor does eternal justice rely for the casting up of her reckonings upon such futilities as elections and wars.—Saturday evening Post.

### A CORAGEOUS COWARD.

Mrs. Betz Coward, of Cream Ridge, N. J., celebrated her one hundredth birthday on Saturday last. She was left a widow many years ago. There was a stone quarry on her farm; to this she immediately turned her attention so effectively as to pay off a mortgage and make herself comfortable for life. She is hale and hearty; takes a walk twice a day; and is still consulted about the management of the quarry. Mrs. Coward gives three rules the practice of which she thinks accounts for her long life: 1. Always be industrious; 2. Never worry; 3. Believe fully that "the Lord will provide when the individual gets out and hustles."

### CHARCOAL EPH'S PHILOSOPHIES.

Dey am some people in de worl' dat 'ud ruddah work on a dray dan drive a foah-inhan', an' yo' mos' allus fin' dat human ambition reaches hit's level.

Dey am some men in de wori' dat got mo' money dan dey con spen' an' den agin, dey am some men in de worl' dat got de ability to spen' mo' money dan dey git.

W'en yo' heah a man holler amen lak he gwine t' bus' de roof, hit am suttinly mouty bahd t' reo'nize de voice ob de man dat beat yo' in mewel trade las' week.

W'en a man 'gin t' go up hill he fin' a mouty lot ob people frowin' mountains in de way; but w'en he stahd down de hull worl' stan' back an' gib him de road.

De sun ob life am mos' ginnally shinnin' high in de sky, but day am some people so contrary built dat dey keep on carryin' dey umbrellers.

Now yo' jess take s'posin' a turkey, an' yo' jess take s'posin' a dahk night, an' yo' jess take s'posin' a huntry coon—what's de answer?

Hit am a bad sign w'en de deacon pasin' de collection plate lettin' his thumb slip so fah down on de inside—hit suahly am.

The next letter was a business letter, in which the writer tells her that he had paid his former wife, from whom he had been divorced, \$1,000 due on alimony, and that as soon as he paid her \$3,000 more he would be clear of her.

A third letter is written from Beach House, Castleton, Isle of Man, England. In it the writer says he has been singing "Bring Back My Bonnie" again. But "absence makes the heart grow fonder," he writes, and he will soon see her again.

Then a cloud appears on their horizon, for in the next letter the writer states he has received a "horrid" letter from her, and any one that had mentioned Ada Conger to her only did it to make trouble. He assures her there is nothing in it at all and wants her to write him a nice letter. Ada Conger is now Mrs. William L. D. Carey.

There is plenty of sentiment but no talk of marriage in the letters. Miss Bonne, however, has assured her attorney that she can show by the proprietor of the St. Charles hotel in Chicago and other witnesses that he said he would marry her.

William Lucien Drinkwater Carey came to Oakland during the year just past and rented a handsome house at 477 Thirty-fourth street. He soon proved himself a good fellow about town, for he had traveled around the world and had the ease and polish of a man that had been in many places and seen much. He had many good stories to tell of his travels, and he told them modestly.

He occasionally mentioned his ownership of "an island off the coast of England," but he did not boast that it was the Isle of Man, nor did he claim fortunes nor estates across the seas. In fact, he seemed more American than English, and when he heard of Leona

Bonne's suit he swore some good round American "swear words" that were not imported and had never paid duty.

Mr. Carey's statement is as follows: "This is merely a blackmailing scheme, but it won't work with me. This is not the first time that this woman has tried to make trouble for me, for only a few months after my marriage, three years ago, she began a suit for breach of promise. I paid no attention to it, and I suppose that it simply was allowed to lapse. At that time Miss Bonne valued her wounded affections at \$50,000, and I suppose if the matter runs along for another three years she will raise the amount to \$150,000 for every three years. At that rate, before I pay her a cent the total will be a large one.

"The truth of the matter is that I met this woman when she was out of work and penniless and, pitying her condition, I paid a bill that she owed at the hotel and paid her board for several weeks until she could get work. This is a fact the proprietor of the hotel she mentioned can testify to."

### CAUGHT BY NEGRO.

Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 27.—After one of the most exciting man hunts in the history of this city, lasting for nearly 30 hours, Morris Odell, charged with attacking two women, has been captured. Prompt arrival of policemen saved the man from falling into the hands of a crowd of 50 men who were chasing him. Odell is a white man nearly 50 years old and was captured by Levi Ray, colored.

Foremost in the crowd was Frank Fancher, husband of one of the alleged victims. Fancher was unarmed, but he jumped for Odell, struck him and attempted to wring his neck until pulled away by a policeman. Odell's wife died recently and he is

said to have drunk heavily since then. After attacking his stepmother, he visited Fancher's house, where he formerly boarded. Mrs. Fancher was at work and did not see him enter. He seized the woman, choked her almost senseless and fled when the children gave an alarm.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist's.

### His Fortune for Country.

New York, Feb. 27.—Prince Alexander of Oldenburg has caused a patriotic sensation, cables the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Herald. He not only has given a million roubles toward the war fund, but has proposed that the emperor raise a troop of irregular cavalry from the dreaded tribes of Buriats and Kalmucks, of the steppes, the condition being that they be under military rule in the far east, but allowed to do all they like on the way of independent raids of their own, according to their typical style of warfare. Prince Alexander offers to equip and pay for the support of 1500 troops throughout the war.

### A FACT PROVEN.

Should Convince Even the Most Skeptical of Its Truth.

If there is the slightest doubt in the minds of any that Dandruff germs do not exist, their belief is compelled by the fact that a rabbit inoculated with the germs became bald in six weeks' time.

It must be apparent to any person therefore that the only prevention of baldness is the destruction of the germ—which act is successfully accomplished in one hundred per cent. of cases by the application of Newbro's Herpicide. Dandruff is caused by the same germ which causes baldness and can be prevented with the same remedy—Newbro's Herpicide.

Accept no substitute. "Destroy the cause you remove the effect."  
Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.  
T. F. LAURIN, Special Agent.

All Wool Rugs  
75 cents each  
L. H. HENNINGSEN & CO.  
504 BOND STREET, ASTORIA, OREGON. PHONE, RED 2305

AN ASTORIA PRODUCT  
Pale Bohemian Beer  
Best In The Northwest  
North Pacific Brewing Co.

## WINTER IS COMING BRINGING CATARRH

Every Catarrh sufferer dreads the coming of winter, for with the first breath of the "ice-king" this miserable disease is fanned into life and all the disgusting symptoms return. The nostrils are stopped up and the throat can be kept clear of mucous secretions only by continual hawking and spitting. Catarrh is a nuisance and source of annoyance, not only to the one who has it, but everybody else. The thick, yellow discharge from the head produces a feeling of personal defilement, and the odor of the breath is almost intolerable.

The catarrhal poison brings on stomach troubles and affects the Kidneys and Bladder. It attacks the soft bones and tissues of the head and throat, causing total or partial deafness, the loss of smell, and giving to the voice a rasping, nasal twang. No part of the body is secure from its ravages. Catarrh makes you sick all over, for it is a disease of the blood, and circulates all through the system, and for this reason, sprays, washes, inhalers, powders and salves have proven failures.

The way to cure Catarrh thoroughly and permanently is to cleanse the blood of the unhealthy secretions that keep the membranes of the body inflamed, and nothing does this so surely and promptly as S. S. S. As long as the blood is poisoned with Catarrhal matter the discharge of mucus and other disgusting symptoms of the miserable disease will continue. S. S. S. goes to the fountain source of the trouble and purifies and enriches the blood, and so invigorates and tones up the system that catching cold and contracting Catarrh is not so likely to occur. Keep the blood in order and winter's coming brings none of the discomforts of Catarrh. Write us particulars of your case, and let our physicians help you get rid of this blood-tainting and stubborn disease. We make no charge whatever for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.